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113 Main St. • Dansville, New York

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Business Morals

The current film "Wall Street" is breathtaking in the scope of its theme: That to make money, you have to toss morality out the window in these days of the 1980s.

At almost the same time the film was released a court sent Ivan Boesky, the Wall Street insider-trader, to prison, perhaps as a cautionary lesson for others who would step outside the rules.

In the film, a character tells a congregation of Yuppy stockbrokers, "Greed is good. Greed works."

That, we are told, is virtually a direct quotation from a statement made by Boesky at a similar seminar some years ago.

In the days when the Horatio Alger books were popular, the scenario seldom varied: Poor but honest boy gets job, shows brilliance, rises to top and marries boss's daughter.

Boesky began commercial life as the pilot of an ice cream truck in the Midwest. That is surely a Horatio Alger beginning, but the way Boesky climbed to billionaire status hardly followed the traditional script.

The motto of men like Boesky is, indeed, "whatever works, and forget morality."

Now, American business men have taken a bad rap from the left for years. Babbitt was for a generation the symbol of what's wrong with American business.

Calvin Coolidge was laughed at when he said, "the business of America is business." But on reflection, that's not a dumb statement. It's very penetrating. America's business is business.

In the 19th and early 20th centuries, we did have some robber barons in charge. Theodore Roosevelt, however, managed to sort them out and establish the rules; the same rules that Boesky and his ilk have

chosen to ignore.

They are not really very complicated: They say, first of all, thou shalt not steal and, secondly, thou shalt not take unfair advantage.

Boesky sought and used information in his dealings. Because he knew what others did not, he managed to make a huge fortune.

That sort of things falls into the same category as playing with loaded dice or an "educated" roulette wheel.

Not all American businessmen, circa 1987, should be blackened with the Boesky brush. There are hundreds of thousands in business, from the owner of the corner store to the president of the local bank, who strive to make a decent profit and live within the rules.

And, at the bottom, these are very simple rules. They are, indeed, simply basic morality.

Why has this lapse of morals been so evident? This so-called Baby Boom generation now in charge of so much of our world appears somehow to have missed the teachings older folks get at their mother's knees.

This is not just religious morality. It's, as they used to say, "playing the game" and "playing fair." Now, it too often seems, the only criteria that count are winning and winning again, by whatever means is required.

There is, of course, a religious aspect. One discouraged clergyman some weeks ago, when asked how religious education was progressing in his parish, observed, "the only commandment I am sure that children understand, so far as parental upbringing is concerned, is the 11th.

"Which is, of course, 'don't get caught.'"

Looks Around Our Town

The Bystander

By JIM CONWAY

It's been confirmed. Winter is not the best of seasons for mental health—or physical well-being for that matter if you're freezing.

Dr. Norman Rosenthal, one of the world's leading authorities on the season depression, admits that he himself suffers from the winter blues. We've long contended there was something bad about the season of snow and cold.

Dr. Rosenthal copes with his problem the same way his more severely afflicted patients do. For several hours each winter day, he works beside a bank of bright fluorescent lights. This helps to brighten things on dull days.

He says an unknown number of Americans, at least several hundred thousand, become depressed enough to cease functioning normally during the days of winter. In fact, he has coined a word to describe the trouble—seasonal affective disorder or SAD for short.

No fooling, he says this disorder can cause a loss of ability to concentrate. SAD makes you overeat, oversleep and gain weight. People can become irritable and squabble with their spouses and associates.

Anyway, he has discovered that full-spectrum light panels, five to 10 inches brighter than average indoor lights, is effective treatment. The experts agree there is much to be learned about the perplexing illness. We've got another idea for treatment. How

about sending us to southern sunny climes for rest, recreation and recovery? No—well then we'll just have to wait for spring which is just around a corner somewhere.

Wonder how he ever found time to look at the stars?

He is Copernicus, the famed Polish astronomer. He also wore other hats, like those of mayor, military governor, physician, registrar, tax collector, vicar general, bailiff, and chief magistrate of his hometown—all at the same time.

Larry Thomas and Betsy Hoefen, Wayland High School teachers, are among several taking part in an Area Art Teachers Exhibition this month in the Bertha V.B. Lederer Art Gallery at Genesee State University College.

Thomas has included sculpture—bronze and clay in this part of the exhibit while Miss Hoefen is showing watercolor and collage. Also participating is Mary Fox from Keesqua Central who is displaying drawings and jewelry.

Rochester's longest running show returns to the Community War Memorial Feb. 17 for five days. Begun in 1923, this is the 64th year the Shriners of Damas-

cus Temple have staged the Shrine Circus. It is an annual cooperative effort of Shrine volunteers.

Dansville has a Shrine Club affiliated with the Rochester organization. Each year, our local members arrange for scores of Dansville grade students to attend the circus. We congratulate these Shriners for their efforts to help kids smile.

Don Nice says a pedestrian today is a person with three cars, a spouse and two children of driving age.

And Jim Bacon claims nostalgia isn't what is used to be. Our kids, he says, will recall with fondness those wonderful pies mother used to microwave.

Tracy Swarts was an outstanding girls' track performer during her days at Dansville High. She's now running under the colors of Cortland State and only recently won the 400 meter race (in 1:02.3) during an indoor event involving Binghamton College and Ithaca College. Cortland won.

This is Boy Scout Week. We salute the young men and their leaders and the program which has done so much over the years in our community.

Have a good day and a nice forever.

ALBANY REPORT

By Assemblyman John Hasper

As a result of increased regulation, volunteer organizations in New York are facing additional expenditure demands that may drive them out of business. We cannot risk the possibility of our communities losing vital volunteer services, such as those provided by volunteer fire companies, because the state continues to issue mandates without providing funding assistance.

Once again, Governor Mario Cuomo is risking just this, because he refuses to fund personal safety equipment for firefighters in his state budget. For the past two years, the Legislature has worked hard with firefighters to save this money included, but the governor has used his veto power to have the funds cut.

This year, I will be working to overcome any obstacle so that our firefighters, who place their lives in danger each and every time they answer a call, can obtain the best equipment possible.

On June 1, 1984, the state's Occupational Safety Hazard Administration (OSHA) plan was filed by the federal govern-

ment. Fire companies were charged to comply with the OSHA standards concerning inspections, firefighting equipment, protective clothing and respiratory protection devices within two years.

The Hazard Abatement Board grants awards to local governments for the costs of capital projects undertaken to comply with OSHA standards. But in 1985, the comptroller decided that the costs for personal safety equipment did not qualify for funding.

The Department of Labor began inspections of fire departments in 1984 to ensure compliance with OSHA standards on personal protective clothing and breathing apparatus. Although under these regulations, fire companies have been cited for equipment standards, the cost of replacing this equipment in many cases is beyond the financial means of many fire departments, especially in rural areas.

In response to the needs of the 130th Assembly District, I have joined with the chairman of the Assembly Subcommittee on Volunteer Firefighters to sponsor legislation to ensure that funds

are made available for firefighters to work with the proper safety equipment. Specifically, this legislation would allow the state Hazard Abatement Board to grant awards to fire companies for 75 percent of the cost of these expenditures.

The amount of money saved by New Yorkers through the efforts of volunteer firefighters is estimated at around \$2 billion per year. In recognition of their contributions to our safety and well-being, Assembly Republicans will continue to fight for measures to aid their efforts.

Our volunteers do an excellent job. But many smaller departments are funded almost completely through local projects. Their resources are limited and cannot cover costly equipment expenditures.

I expect there will be another heated debate on this bill and the state's responsibility to preserve volunteer fire companies. It is time we call the governor to task for ignoring the needs of our upstate rural and suburban residents, and sign this vital measure into law this year.

Old Photo Album



SPECIAL DISPLAY — In February of 1956, Dansvillians were treated to a "Parade of Progress" exhibit in the Town Hall auditorium. Originally scheduled for two days it proved to be so popular they extended the affair for three additional days. Promoters were Scoutmaster William J. Huver and members of Boy Scout Troop 73. Some 15 exhibits were arranged by local industries and organizations. Here T. P. "Tommy" Tomasik explains Foster Wheeler operations to visitors. (Wilfred J. Rauber)

Yesteryears

A Look at History

Old Zimmerhackle — Observations, philosophy, humor and advice by Joseph W. Burgess, co-founder and editor of the Breeze before the turn of the century.

A man will inhale tobacco smoke so thick that you can't cut it with a broad-axe and not complain, but if the kitchen stove smokes the room a little he acts as if he would choke to death.

It always makes one feel foolish to look back at some lady they have passed and find her looking too. And she usually is.

A man never feels less like cutting a swath than he does when he is shoveling a path through three feet of snow.

—J.W.B.

—1898—
Our people would go beef hungry if it were not that a car of western beef arrives here occasionally. Beef grown here is scarce.

Frank M. Smith tells us that he has leased nine acres of land of Mrs. Gundry at Commonsview and will run a market garden there.

—1908—
George Brown has sold his house to D. F. Hall with possession to be given Apr. 1.

The Fearless Hook and Ladder Co. will have its 32nd annual program in the Opera House on Mar. 24.

—1918—
Hand sleds for \$1 at Corcoran's Fair Store.

Lynn Pickard passed his examination to enter the aviation service as a pilot and has been issued his uniform.

—1928—
Dr. Campion Farrow has resigned as scoutmaster of Troop 39 and will be succeeded by Arthur Leven.

William J. Maloney of Maloney

Bros. Nursery will broadcast from Station WGY in Schenectady on the subject of "Making Houses into Homes."

—1938—

E. B. Cridler today offers for sale his business block on Exchange St. — commonly known as the Annex. The building is equipped for the manufacture and sale of ice cream.

In a recent test in Mechanical Engineering at Alfred University, Nathan Fenton and John McTarnaghan of Ossian received 94 percent and 93 percent, respectively. These were the highest percentage marks in a class of 55 boys.

—1948—

The Clara Barton Chapter quota in the Red Cross campaign fund has been set at \$6,000.

Martina's Old Madrid Restaurant has been leased to Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCray. The new managers formerly operated Hotel Dansville.

—1958—

Nestled in a valley behind protective hills, Dansville escaped the brunt of the weekend storm that allowed life almost to a standstill for its neighbors to the south, north and west. The snow proved to be too much for highway workers in the immediate surrounding townships, with the result that Dansville school pupils were given another snow recess, the third in less than a week.

—1968—

Election fever will not be a communicable disease in the village this spring — because there'll be no election. The absence of March balloting, first in the history of the modern village charter, is a result of the term change authorized by the board two years ago. At that time, Trustees Robert Conway and Clyde Boyd were named to three-year terms, rather

than the normal two, in order to close their terms in 1969 and set up the every-other-year schedule.

Daniel Hayes and Mark Drum graduated into the Boy Scout program at a meeting of Cub Pack 71 Tuesday evening in St. Mary's School hall.

—1978—

In an attempt to thwart shoplifters and bad check writers in Dansville, the Livingston County District Attorney's office has urged Village Justices Thomas Lanehan and Donald Milks to begin issuing conditional sentences instead of adjourning the charges in contemplation of dismissal.

Mrs. Edna Freeman was honored by teachers and staff at the Junior High School when she closed a 20-year career as a secretary there.

A well-known Dansville man, Francis Ort Sprague of 18 Pulton St., died Thursday, Feb. 7, 1978 in the Bath Veterans Hospital following a long illness. He was 58.

Nicky Chimento, David Teetsell and Shawn Griese placed first, second and third, respectively, in the annual Cub Scout Pinewood Derby in Dansville, sponsored by Pack 87 at Daniel Goho American Legion Post.

Navy Opticalman Third Class James Foley of Dansville recently departed for an extended cruise in the Western Pacific as a crewman aboard the USS Prairie which has San Diego, Calif., as homeport.

Susan M. Wing of Dansville has been named to the Dean's List for the fall semester at Alfred State College. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wing of Dansville RD 1.

Funds enabling the Army Corps of Engineers to continue development of a flood control project along Canaseraga Creek in Dansville are included in the 1979 federal budget.

Sparta Perspective

By RUTH SHAFER
Phone 335-8833

The air was crystal clear and very cold. Clouds blanketed the sky in varying shades of gray almost matching the snow covered field and woods in the pale morning light. Beautiful, really beautiful, I thought as I let the dogs out for their morning run. Somehow, though, it didn't inspire me to energetic action. What I really wanted was to go back to sleep. Too many late nights (reading) were catching up with me. Still, I was up, might as well stay up. Heaven knew there were plenty of chores to be done.

I eyed the box of books sitting beside my desk. I'd been eyeing it for days, not to mention stumbling over it time and again. I might as well start there, I thought. I'm never anxious to try to decide what books should go though. I give up any of them with about the same reluctance that Scrooge parted with a tuppence. May be I could just move the box into the library? Nah, there weren't any empty shelves in there either, which was why the box was where it was in the first place. Oh well, might as well get at it.

Once started it was fun. These were books I hadn't touched since we moved from the city, a lot of time ago, so it was almost like having a whole new bunch of books. Hey, here is that copy of Katherine Mansfield's Journal, and Louis Alcott's biography. Gosh, I thought they were long since lost. And what is this one, "Linda Goodman's Sun Signs" An

astrology book? Oh, I remember. It was supposed to be helpful in creating story characters, an idea I had gleaned at some time or other from a writers magazine. It didn't look as if I had ever even opened it. Could be. Astrology had not been one of the more pressing subjects for me.

I had, like a great many people, been curious enough to check out my sign back in the late 60's or early 70's when the subject was at it's height. Strangely enough, I had to admit the Aries characteristics had seemed to fit like a glove. But it was for sure none of the horoscopes I'd ever seen came even close to the reality of my life and I had written the whole thing off with the proverbial grain of salt. There were certainly an awful lot of people who did believe in it, though, then and now.

Idly I leafed through the book in my hand. Funny, the sun sign characteristics were as true for my kids as mine had been for me. I wonder, do you suppose there really could be something to it? After all, thousands of people did believe it and the subject had been around for many thousands of years. Was it, like perhaps many of the so-called New Age beliefs, an idea waiting for its time to come, to be accepted finally as the truth it is? Who knows.

I do wish there weren't so many charlatans jumping on the

bandwagon to make a fast dollar, so much hype and so many scoffers obscuring the issue. As it is, it is impossible to tell if there might be any merit to any of these beliefs. I admit I find some of it fascinating reading, and surely, it doesn't hurt to keep an open mind, does it.

Well, anyway, at last the books were sorted and, yep, you guessed it, they all went right back into the box to wait for some new shelves to be added somewhere around here. But I guess there are worse addictions than book collecting.

And quite suddenly it seemed, it was time to be thinking of supper. Where had the day gone! Charlie and Joe wanted out again and I stepped outside with them for a stretch and a breath of fresh air. Br-r-r, it was cold! And lovely. It wasn't quite twilight and the landscape was like a painting done in soft grays, some black and some white with a hint of night: shadows blurring sharp edges. A few lights winked brightly here and there. A car's headlight flashed up over the western horizon and disappeared down the hill. Not a sound disturbed the stillness, the lovely sense of peace that premeated the atmosphere. There was a sort of mystical quality about it that I couldn't explain. At such a moment, it wouldn't be difficult to believe in any of the so-called new ideas. Not difficult at all.